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1914





THE DAYS GONE BY

THE DAYS GONE
BY
By
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Decorated by
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THE BOBBS MERRILL COMPANY
PUBLISHERS



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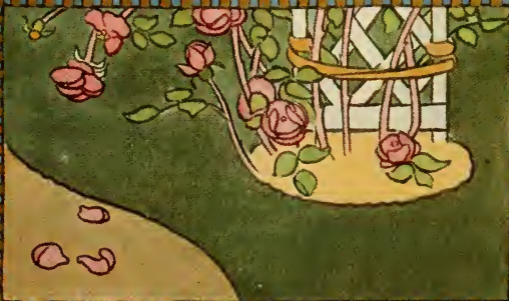
THE DAYS GONE BY

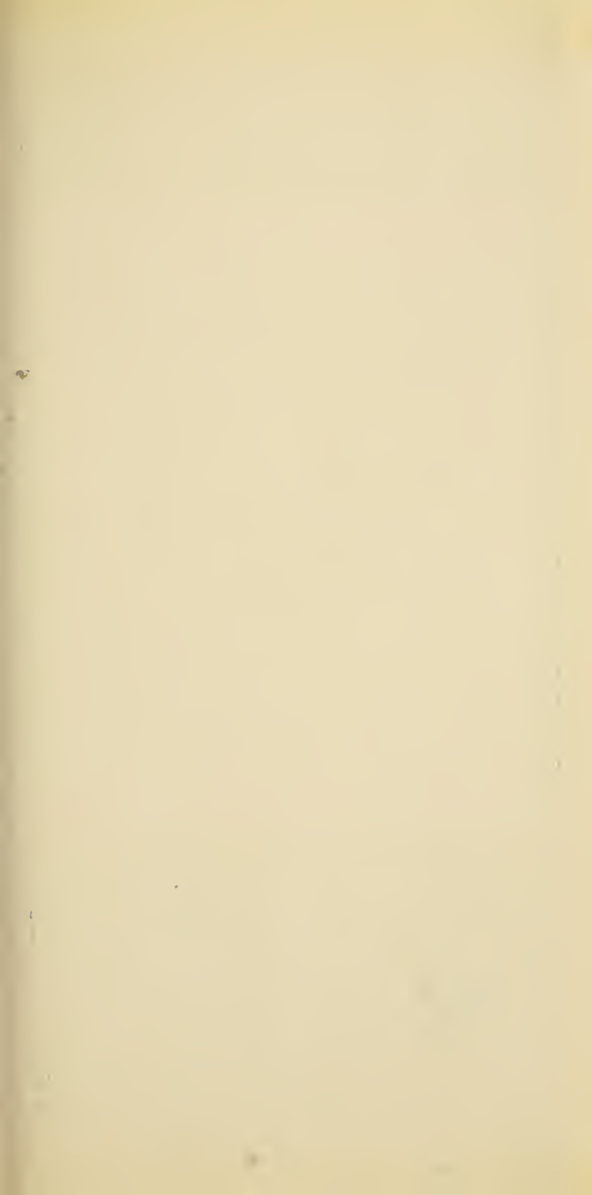



the days
gone by!

O the days
gone by!

The apples in the
orchard, and the
pathway through
the rye;








The chirrup of
the robin, and
the whistle of
the quail

As he piped across
the meadows sweet
as any nightingale;

When the bloom
was on the clover,
and the blue was
in the sky,

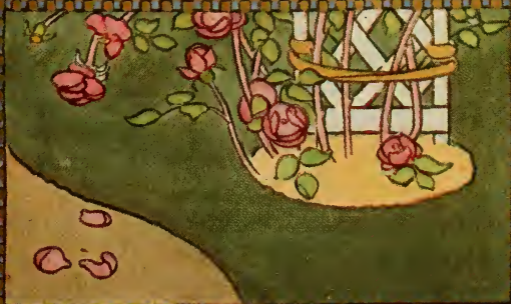




And my happy heart
brimmed over, in
the days gone by.

In the days gone by,
when my naked feet
were tripped

By the honeysuckle
tangles where the
water-lilies dipped,



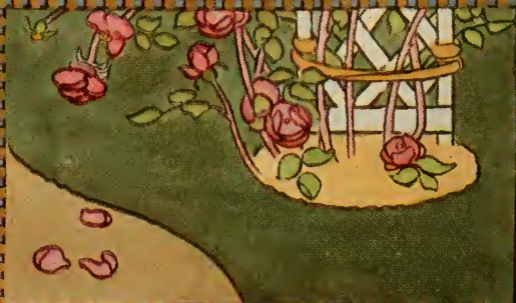





And the ripples of
the river lipped the
moss along the brink

Where the placid-
eyed and lazy-footed
cattle came to drink,

And the tilting snipe
stood fearless of the
truant's wayward
cry



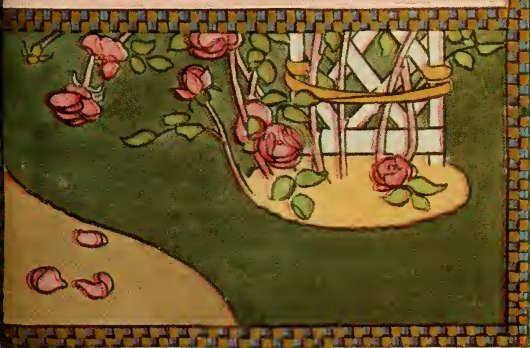



And the splashing of
the swimmer, in the
days gone by.

O the days gone by!
O the days gone by!

The music of the
laughing lip, the
luster of the eye;

The childish faith in
fairies, and Aladdin's
magic ring—

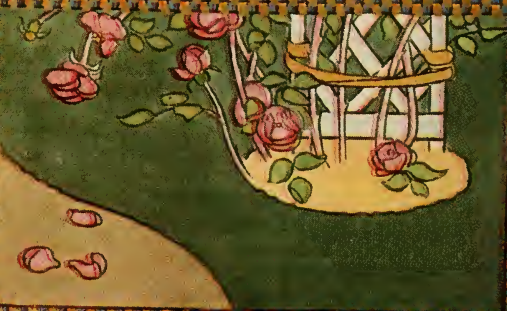




The simple, soul-
reposing, glad belief
in every thing,—

When life was like a
story holding neither
sob nor sigh,

In the golden olden
glory of the days
gone by.





BE OUR FORTUNES
AS THEY MAY

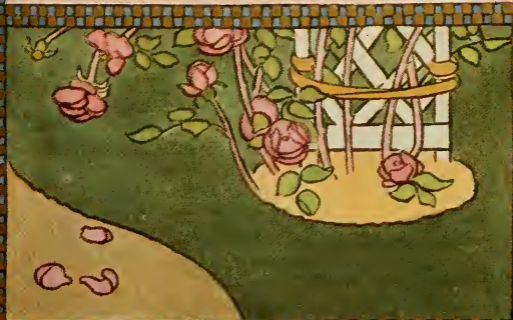



ESTERDAY
you lost a
friend —

Bless your heart
and love it!

For you scarce
could comprehend

All the aching of it;—





But I sing to
you and say:

Let the lost
friend sorrow—

Here's another
come to-day,

Others may
to-morrow.





WHO BIDES HIS
TIME




WHO bides his
time, and day
by day

Faces defeat full
patiently,

And lifts a mirthful
roundelay,





However poor his
fortunes be,—

He will not fail in any
qualm

Of poverty—the
paltry dime

It will grow golden in
his palm,

Who bides his time.







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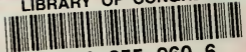
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